

TOM  
TEL-TROTHS  
MESSAGE, AND  
HIS PENS COM-  
PLAINT.

*A worke not unpleasant to be read,  
nor unprofitable to be fol-  
lowed. h*

Written by I o. L a. Gent.

*Nullum in correcto crimine crimen erit.*



LONDON  
Imprinted for R. Howell, and are to be sold at his shop,  
neere the great North doore of Paules, at the signe of  
the white horse. 1600.







TO THE WORSIPFULL  
MASTER GEORGE DOVVE GENTLE-  
MAN, IO. LA. WISHETH FRUITI-  
on of endlesse felicitie.

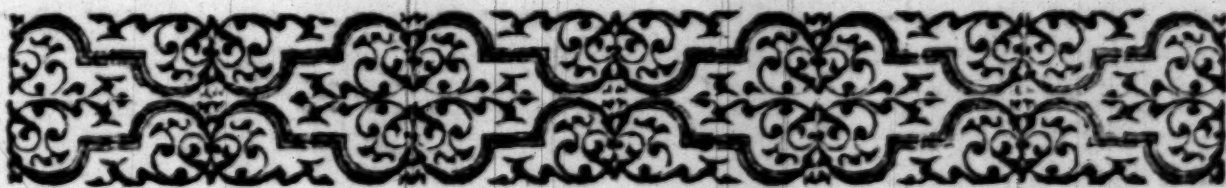


F writings may quittance benefits, or good-  
will more then common curtesie, then ac-  
cept, I beseech you, these first fruites of my  
barren braine, the token of my loue, the  
seale of my affection, and the true cognizande of my  
vnfained affection. And for somuch as the plot of my  
Pamphlet is rude, though true, the matter meane, the  
manner meaner, let me humbly desire, though slen-  
derly I deserue, to haue it patronized vnder the wings  
of your fauour; in requitall whereof I will be,

*Yours euer to command,*

IO. LA.

A 3







TO THE GENTLEMEN  
READERS.

**I** Vdiciall Readers, wise Apolloes flocke,  
 Whose eyes like keyes doe open learnings locke;  
 Daigne with your eye-lampes to behold this booke,  
 And in all curtesie thereon to looke:  
 Thus being patronized by your view,  
 I shall not be ashamed of his hew.  
 Oh graunt my suite, my suite you vnderstand,  
 That I may you commend, you me command.

Io. La.





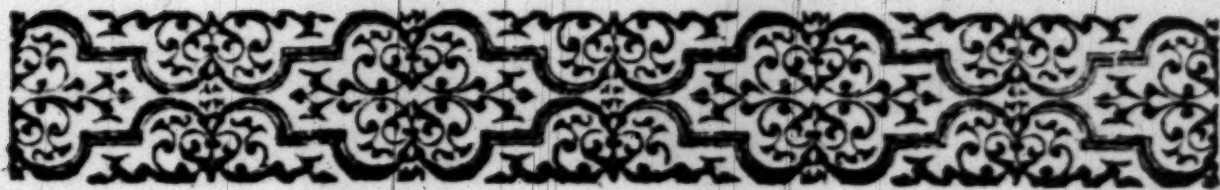


T O M T E L - T R O T H S  
*Message, and his pens com-  
 plaint.*

**T**Hou that didst earst Romes Capitall defend,  
 Defend this sacred relique of thy wing,  
 And by this power Diuine some succor send,  
 To saue the same from carping *Momus* sting:  
 That like a tell-troth it may boldly blaze,  
 And pensill-like paint forth a iust dispraise.

Goe naked pen the hearts true secretarie,  
 Imbath'd in sable liquor mixt with gall,  
 And from thy master these rude verses carrie,  
 Sent to the world, and in the world to all:  
 In mournfull verse lament the faults of men,  
 Doe this, and then retorne heart-easing pen.

*Time*





## Tom Tel-troths Message.

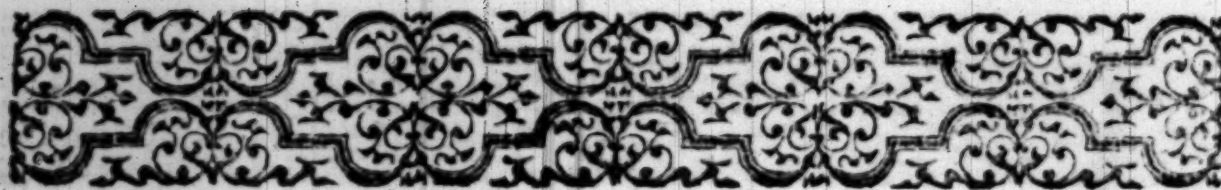


*Time* sits him downe to weepe in sorrowes fell,  
 And *Truth* bewailes mans present wickednes,  
 Both *Time* and *Truth* a dolefull tale doe tell,  
 Deploing for mans future wretchednes:  
 With teare-bedewed cheeks help, help therfore,  
 Sad tragicke muse to weepe, bewaile, deplore.

Mee thinks I see the ghost of *Conscience*,  
 Raide from the darke graue of securitie,  
 Viewing the world, who once was banisht thence,  
 Her cheeks with teares made wet, with sighs made dry:  
 And this did aggrauate her griefe the more,  
 To see the world much worse then twas before.

She wept, I saw her weepe, and wept to see  
 The salt teares trickling from her aged eyes,  
 Yea and my pen copartner needs would bee,  
 With black-inke teares, our teares to sympathize:  
 So long wee wept that all our eyes were drie,  
 And then our tongues began aloud to crie.

Come





9  
*Tom Tel-troths Message.*



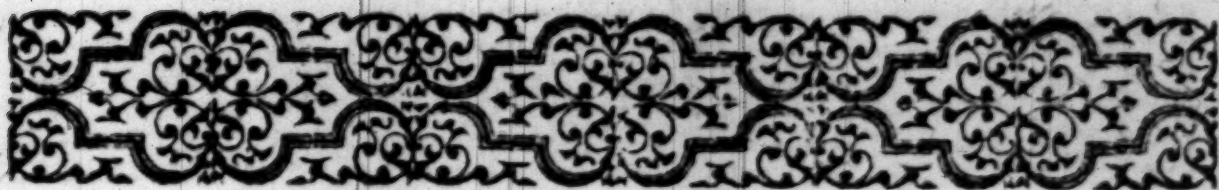
Come sad *Melpomene* thou tragicke Muse,  
To beare a part in these our dolefull cries,  
Spare not with taunting verses to accuse,  
The wicked world of his iniquities,  
Tell him his owne, be bold and not ashamed,  
Nor cease to speake till thou his faults hast blamed.

I seeme to heare resounding Ecchoes tatling,  
Of misdemeanors raigning heere and there,  
And party-coloured Pyes on Greene bowes pratling,  
Of foolish fashions raging euerie where:  
Then blame not my muse what so ere she say,  
Sith birds and Ecchoes mens fond faults bewray.

O world, no world, but rather sinke of sinne,  
Where blind and fickle Fortune Empresse raigneth;  
O men, no men, but swine that lie therein,  
Among whom vertue wrong'd by vice complaineth:  
Thus world bad, men worse, men in world, worldly men,  
Doe giue occasion to my plaintife pen.

B

Sinne





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Sinne like the monster *Hydra* hath more heads,  
 Then heauens hie roose hath siluer-spangled starres,  
 And in his iawes mens soules to hell he leads,  
 Where fierie fiends meete them in flaming Charres :  
 This Pirate like a Pilate keepes each coast,  
 Bringing his guests vnto their hellish hoast.

If all the earth were writing paper made,  
 All plowshares pens, all furrowes lines in writing,  
 The Ocean,inke, wherein the sea-Nymphes wade,  
 And all mens consciences scribes inditing :  
 Too much could not be written of mans sinne,  
 Since sinne did in the first man first begin.

But as the *Ægyptian* dog runs on the brinke,  
 Of Nilus leuen-fold ouer-flowing floud,  
 And staying not, now here, now there doth drinke,  
 For feare of Crocodiles which lurke in mudde:  
 So shall my pen runne briefly ouer all,  
 Reciting these misdeeds which worke mans thral.

Nature





II  
*Tom Tel-troths Message.*



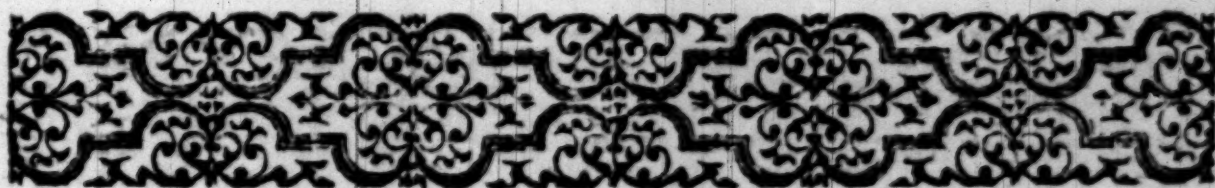
Nature that whilome bore the chieftest sway,  
Bridling mans bodie with the raignes of Reason,  
Is now inforc'd in vncloth walkes to stray  
Exilde by custome which encrocht through treason:  
Instead of Art, Natures companion,  
Fancie with custome holdes dominion.

*Ouid* could reftifie that in his time,  
*Astrea* fled from earth to heauen aboue,  
Loathing iniustice as a damned crime,  
VVhich she with equall poised schoales did proue:  
And this pen in my time shall iustifie,  
That true religion is constrainde to flie.

The two leafe-dores of *quondam* honestie,  
VVhich on foure vertues Cardinall were turned,  
By Cardinals degree and poperie,  
Are now as heretike-like reliques burned:  
Now carnall vice, not vertue Cardinall,  
Plaies Christmas gambals in the Popes great hall.

B 2

Well





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



VVell, sith the Popes name pops so fitly in,  
 From Pope ile take the Latin P. away,  
 And Pope shall with the Greeke n. then bgin,  
 VVhose type and tippe that he may climbe ile pray:  
 Pray all with mee that he may climbe this letter:  
 For in this praier each man is his detter.

I passe not althoug with bell, booke, and candle,  
 His bald-pate Priests and shoren Friers curse,  
 My plaintife pen his rayling text shall handle:  
 Nor doe I thinke my selfe one iot the worse:  
 Yea though my pen were in their Purgatorie,  
 Yet should my pen hold on his plaintife storie.

Oh what a world is it for one to see,  
 How Monkes and Friers would religious seeme?  
 VVhose heads make humble congies to the knee,  
 That of their humble minds all men might deeme:  
 These be the sycophants whose fained zeale,  
 Hath brought in woe to euerie commonweale.

The





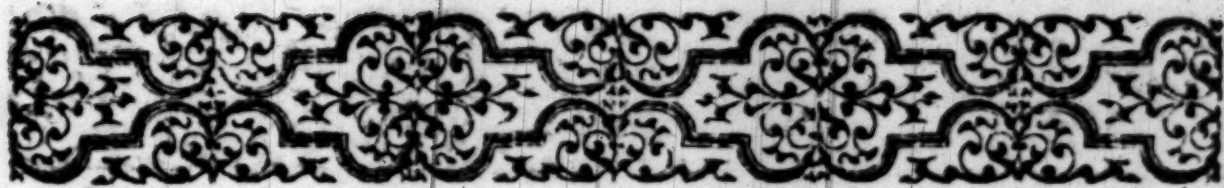
# Tom Tel-trotts Message.



The Monkes like monkees hauing long blacke tailes,  
 Tellolde wiues tales to busie simple braines,  
 The baudie Friers do hunt to catch females,  
 To shriue and free them from infernall paines.  
 Thus Monkes and Friers, fire-brands of hell,  
 Like to incarnate diuels with vs dwell.

But I as loath, so will I leaue to write,  
 Against this popish ribble rabble route,  
 Hoping ere long some other will indite,  
 Whole volumes gainst their stander-bearers stout:  
 Poets and Painters meane while shall descry,  
 VVith pens and pensils their hypocrisie.

As thus my pen doth glance at euerie vice,  
 Needs must I heare poore Learnings lamentation,  
 VVhich whilome was esteem'd at highest price,  
 But now reiected is of euerie nation:  
 She loueth men yet is shee wrong'd by men,  
 Her wronged loue giues matter to my pen.





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Pallas the nurse of Nature-helping Art,  
 Whose babes are Schollers, and whose cradels, schooles,  
 From whose milch teates no pupils would depart,  
 Till they by cunning shund the names of fooles:  
 She, euen she, wanders in open streetes,  
 Seeking for schollers, but no schollers meetes.

Englands two eyes, Englands two Nurceries,  
 Englands two nests, Englands two holy mounts,  
 I meane Englands two Vniuersities,  
 Englands two Lamps, Englands two sacred founts,  
 Are so puld at, puld out, and eke puld downe,  
 That they can scarce maintaine a wide sleeu'd gowne.

Lately as one CAME ore a BRIDGE, he saw  
 An Oxe stand ore a FORDE to quench his drouth:  
 But lo the Oxe his dry lips did withdraw,  
 And from the water lifted vp his mouth.  
 Like *Tantalus* this drie Oxe there did stand,  
 God grant this darke *Enigma* may be scand.

The





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



The Liberall Sciences in number seauen,  
Which in seauen ages like seauen Monarchsraigned,  
And shio'd on earth as Planets seauen in heauen,  
Are now like Almesfolkes beggerly maintained,  
Whilst in their roome seauen deadly sins beare sway,  
Which makes these seauen Arts like seauen slaues obey.

*Grammer* the ground and strong foundation,  
Vpon which Lady Learning builds her tower,  
*Grammer* the path-way and direction,  
That leadeth vnto *Pallas* sacred bower,  
Stands bondslaue-like of Stationers to be sold,  
Whom all in free Schooles erst might free behold.


And *Rhetoricke* adorne with figures fine,  
Trickt vp with tropes, and clad in comely speech,  
Is gone as Pilgrime to the Muses nine,  
For her late wrong assistance to beseech.  
Now rich Curmudgions best orations make,  
Whilst in their pouches gingling coyne they shake.

*Logicke*





# Tom Tel-troths Message.

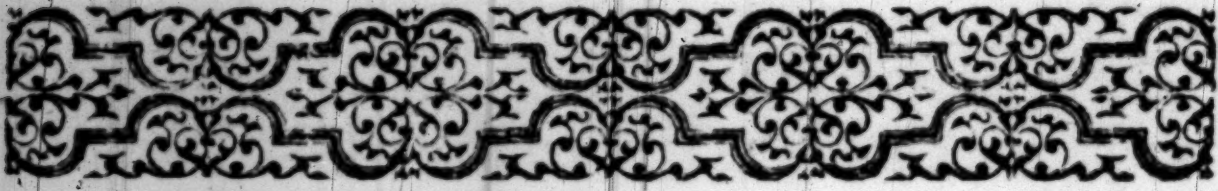


*Logicke* which like a whetstone sharpes the braine,  
*Logicke* which like a touch-stone tries the minde,  
*Logicke* which like a load-stone erst drew gaine,  
 Is now for want of maintenance halfe pinde.  
 And sith in Colledges no maides may dwell,  
 Many from Colledges doe her expell.

*Musicke* I much bemournethy miserie,  
 Whose well-tunde notes delight the Gods aboue,  
 Who with thine eare-bewitching melodie,  
 Doeſt vnto men and beasts ſuch pleasure moue :  
 Though wayling cannot helpe, I wayle thy wrong,  
 Bearing a part with thee in thy ſad ſong.

*Arithmeticke* ſhe next in number ſtands,  
 Numbring her cares in teaching how to number;  
 Which cares in number paſſing ſalt-sea ſands,  
 Diſturbe her minde, and ſtill her corps incumber:  
 Care addeth grieve, grieve multiplies her woe,  
 Whoſe ebbe ſubſtracting, brings reducing ſloe.

*Geometrie*





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



*Geometrie* as seruile prentise bound,  
Vnto the Mother earth for many yeares,  
Hath long since meated out the massie ground,  
Which ground the impression of her foot-steps beares.  
Great was her labour, great should be her gaine,  
But her great labour was repaid with paine.

*Astronomie* not least, though last, hath lost  
By cruell fate her starre-embroidred coate:  
Her spheric globe in danger's seas is tost,  
And in mishap her instruments doe floate.  
All Almanacks hereof can witnesse beare,  
Else would my selfe hereof as witnesse sweare.

But how should I with stile poeticall,  
Procede to rime in meeter or in verse?  
If Poetrie the Queene of verses all,  
Should not be heard, whose plaint mine eare doth pierce?  
Oh helpe *Apolla* with apologie,  
To blaze her vnderferued iniurie.


C

Horace





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



*Horace* did write the Art of Poetrie,  
 The Art of Poetrie *Virgill* commended:  
*Ouid* thereto his studies did applie,  
 Whose life and death still Poetrie defended.  
 Thrice happie they, but thrice vnhappie I,  
 They sang her praise, but I her iniurie.

O princely Poetrie, true Prophetesse,  
 Perfections patterne, Matrone of the Muses,  
 I weepe to thinke how rude men doe oppresse,  
 And wrong thine Art with their absurd abuses.  
 They are but drosse, thine Art it is diuine,  
 Cast not therefore thy pearles to such swine.

The sugred songs that sweete Swannes vse to sing,  
 Floting adowne *Meanders* siluer shore,  
 To countrie swaines no kinde of solace bring;  
 The winding of an horne they fancie more.  
 No marueile then though Ladie Poetrie,  
 Doe suffer vnderferued iniurie.

Like





# Tom Tel-trotts Message.



Like to *Batillus* euery ballet-maker,  
That neuer climbd vnto *Pernassus* Mount,  
Will so inroach that he will be partaker,  
To drinke with *Maro* at the *Castale* fount.

Yea more then this to weare a lawrell Crowne,  
By penning new gigges for a cuntry clowne.

When *Marsias* with his bagpipes did contend,  
To make farre better Musicke then *Apollo*:  
When *Thameras* in selfe conceit would mend  
The Muses sweete songs note, what then did follow?  
Conuicted both, to both this was assignde,  
The first was hangd, the last was stroken blinde.

And may it happen to those bastard braines,  
Whose base rimes striue to better Poetrie,  
That they may suffer like deserued paines,  
For these be they that worke her infamie.  
Thus hauing blazd false Poets in their hew,  
Deare Poetrie (though loth) I bid adiew.


C 2

As





## Tom Tel-troths Message.



As Poetrie in poesie I leaue,  
 I see seauen sinnes which crost seauen Liberall Arts,  
 Which with their fained shew doe men deceaue,  
 And on the wide worlds stage doe play their parts :  
 As thus men follow them, they follow men,  
 They moue more matter to my plaintife pen.

These mincing maides and fine-trick truls ride post  
 To *Plutoes* pallace, like purueyers proude;  
 Thither they leade many a damned ghost,  
 With howling consorts carroling aloud:  
 And as one after one they post to hell,  
 My plaintife pen shall their abuses tell.

First praunceth Pride with principalitie,  
 Guarded with troupes of new-found fashions:  
 Her hand-maides are Fancie and Vanitie:  
 These three a progresse goe throughout all nations:  
 And as by any towne they passe along,  
 People to see them gather in a throng.

Now





## Tom Tel-trotts Message.



Now fine-rust Ruffines in their brauerie,  
 Make cringing cuts with new inuention :  
 New-cut at Cardes brings some to beggarie,  
 But this new-cut brings most vnto destruction :  
 So long they cut, that in their purse no groate  
 They leaue, but cut some others purse or throat.

Bedawbd with gold like *Apuleius* Assie  
 Some princk and pranck it: others more precise,  
 Full trick and trim tir'd in the looking-glasse,  
 With strange apparell doe themselves disguise.  
 But could they see what others in them see,  
 Follie might flie, and they might wiser bee.

Some gogle with the eyes, some squint-eyd looke,  
 Some at their fellowes squemish sheepes-eyes cast :  
 Some turne the whites vp, some looke to the foote,  
 Some winke, some twinke, some blinke, some stare as fast.  
 The summe is infinite, eye were a detter,  
 If all should answere I, with I the letter.

C 3

Many





# Tom Tel-troths Message.

Many desire to foote it with a grace,  
 Or Lion-like to walke maiesticall:  
 But whilst they strue to keepe an equipace,  
 Their gate is foolish and phantasticall.  
 As Hobby-horses, or as Anticks daunce,  
 So doe these fooles vnseemely seeme to praunce.

I will not write of sweatie long shag haire,  
 Or curled lockes with frilled periwigs:  
 The first the badge that Ruffins vse to weare,  
 The last the cognisance of wanton rigs.  
 But sure I thinke as in *Medusæ's* head,  
 So in their haire are craulling Adders bred.

Men *Proteus*-like resemble euery shape,  
 And like Camelions euery colour faine,  
 How deare so ere, no fashion may escape  
 The hands of those whose gold may it attaine:  
 Like ebbe and flow these fashions goe and come,  
 Whose price amounteth to a massie summe.

The



## Tom Tel-trotts Message.



The sharp-set iawes of greedie sheeres deuoure,  
And seaze on euery cloath as on a pray,  
Like *Atropose* cutting that in an houre,  
Which weauers *Lachese*-like wrought in a day.

These snip-snap sheeres in al shieres get great shares,  
And are partakers of the dearest wares.

When fig-tree leaues did shroude mans nakednesse,  
And home-spun cloath was counted clothing gay,  
Then was mans bodie clad with comelinesse,  
And honour shrouded was in rude aray:

But since those times by future times were changed,  
Thousands of fashions through the world haue ranged.

Ambitious thoughts, hearts haughtie, mindes aspiring,  
Proud looks, fond gates, and what not vndescrete,  
As seruants waite mens bodie still atyring,

With far-fetcht gewgawes for yong children meete:

Where with whilst they themselues doe daily decke,  
Braudo-wise they scorne to brooke the checke.

Some





## Tom Tel-troths Message.



Some couet winged sleeues like *Mercurie*,  
 Others round hole much like to Fortunes wheele:  
 (Noting thereby their owne vnconstancie)  
 Some weare short cloakes, some cloakes that reach their heele.  
 These Apish trickes vsde in their daily weedes,  
 Bewray phantasticke thoughts, fond words, foule deedes.

Bold Bettresse braues and brags it in her wiers,  
 And buskt she must be, or not bust at all :  
 Their riggish heads must be adorned with tires,  
 With Periwigs, or with a golden Call.  
 Tut, tut, tis nothing in th'Exchange to change,  
 Monthly as doth the Moone their fashions strange.

It seemes strange birds in England now are bred,  
 And that rare fowles in England build their nest,  
 When Englishmen with plumes adorne their head,  
 As with a Cocks-combe or a Peacocks crest.  
 These painted plumes men in their caps doe weare,  
 And women in their hands doe trickly beare.

Perhaps





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



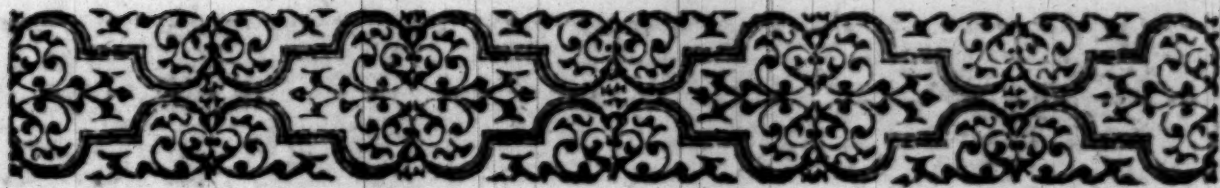
Perhaps some women being foule, doe vse  
 Fowles feathers to shroude their deformitie:  
 Others perchance these plumes doe rather chuse,  
 From weather and winde to shield their phisnomie.  
 But whilst both men and women vse these feathers,  
 They are deem'd light as feathers, winde and weathers.

Some dames are pumpt, because they liue in pompe,  
 That with *Herodias* they might nimbly daunce:  
 Some in their pantophels too stately stompe,  
 And most in corked shooes doe nicely praunce.  
 But here I doubtfull stand whether to blame  
 The shoemakers, or them that weare the same.

In countrie townes men vse fannes for their corne,  
 And such like fannes I cannot discommend:  
 But in great cities fannes by truls are borne,  
 The sight of which doth greatly God offend.  
 And were it not I should be deem'd precise,  
 I could approue these fond fann'd fooles vnwise.

D

A





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



A Painter lately with his pensill drew  
The picture of a Frenchman and Italian,  
With whom he plac'd the Spaniard, Turk and Iew,  
But by himselfe he sat the Englishman.

Before these laughing went *Democritus*,  
Behinde these weeping went *Heracitus*.

All these in comely vestures were atired,  
According to the custome of their land,  
The Englishman excepted, who desired  
With others feathers like a lay to stand.

Thus whilst he seeketh forraine brauerie,  
He is accused of ynconstancie.

Some call him Ape, because he imitates,  
Some foole, because he fancies euery bable:  
Some liken him to fishes caught with baites,  
Some to the winde, because he is vnstable.

Then blame him not, although gainst Englishmen,  
This Englishman writ with his plaintife pen.

But





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



But hush no more, enough's enough, fie, fie,  
 Wilt thou thy countries faults in verse compile?  
 Desist betimes, least thou *peccavi* crie,  
 For no bird sure his owne nest will defile.  
 Well, sith thou brak'st his head and mad'st a sore,  
 With silence giue a salve, and write no more.

The world began, and so will end with Pride,  
 With Pride this poynt began, with Pride it ends:  
 And whilst in pleasures Chariot she doth ride,  
 My plaintife pen page-like still by her wends.  
 Thus hauing painted out Prides roysting race,  
 At this poynts end a periods poynt I place.

Now pyning Enuie whining doth appeare,  
 With bodie leane, with visage pale and wan,  
 With withered face, and with vnkeamed haire,  
 She doth both fret, and fume, sweare, curse and ban:  
 She fareth ill, when other men fare well,  
 Others prosperitie is made her hell.

D 2

She





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



She peepes and pries into all actions,  
 And she is neuer well but when she iarres :  
 She is the mother of all factions,  
 She broacheth quarrels, and increaseth warres :  
 Anger is hot, and Wrath doth roughly rage,  
 But nothing Enuies heating hate can swage.

This Trull inticed *Pompey* to contend,  
 And with great *Cesar* ciuill warres to moue :  
 This dame allured Kings their liues to spend,  
 In bloodie broyles and braules deuoyd of loue:  
 Incensing subiects gainst their gouernours,  
 Sonnes against Sires, Captiues against Conquerors.

As Iron doth consume it selfe with rust,  
 By eating which it selfe it still doth eate:  
 So doth the enuious man soone come to dust,  
 And doth consume himselfe whilst he doth fret.  
 Thus Enuie still conspires to end his life,  
 That living with another, liues at strife.

We





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



We reade that Enuie twixt two men did grow,  
 And that the one of them one eye would lose,  
 So that he might pluck both eyes from his foe,  
 And plucking both eyes out his eyes might close.  
 O who would thinke a man should beare the minde,  
 To lose one eye to make another blinde!

What trade so base but there is Enuie in it,  
 When Minstrels with blinde Fidlers daily strue?  
 What strife is there but Enuie doth begin it,  
 When iussling Jacks to walls their betters driue?  
 The truth hereof I shall not neede to sweare,  
 Sirh *Hesiod* old hereof doth witnesse beare.

What is the cause that many mop and moe,  
 That many scoffe, and scorne, and gibe, and iest,  
 With rimes and riddles rating at their foe,  
 Flouting the base, and powting at the best?  
 What is the cause? the cause one line shall show,  
 Enuie is cause, which in mens hearts doth grow.

D 3

Knowledge





30  
*Tom Tel-troths Message.*



Knowledge within the hart of man doth dwell,  
And loue within the liuer builds his nest:  
But Enuie in the gall of man doth swell,  
And playes the rebell in his boyling brest.  
O would to God men had no gall at all,  
That Enuie might not harbour in the gall.

Enuie and Charitie together stroue,  
Which of them two a man should entertaine;  
The one with spight, the other sought with loue;  
The first in gall, the last in hart would raigne:  
So long they stroue that Enuie lost the field,  
And Charitie made Enuie captiue yeeld.

Enuie adiew, and welcome Charitie,  
The bond of peace and all perfection,  
The way that leades to true felicitie,  
Filling the soule with most diuine refection.  
Enuie shall goe, Ile cleaue vnto thy lore,  
Thee will I serue, and thee will I adore.

Next





## Tom Tel-troths Message.



Next followes Wrath, Enuies fierce fellow-mate,  
 Attired in a roring Lions skin,  
 Jetting along with a giant-like gate,  
 Which aye a tyrant terrible hath bin.  
 A butcher-like within his hands doth beare  
 Their harts, which he with woluish teeth doth teare.

Wrath moued *Herod* with blood-thirstie hart,  
 To slaughter infants from their mothers brest;  
 Like lambes scarce ean'd, or doves new-hatcht to part,  
 And with liues losse to leaue both damme and nest.  
 O had King *Herod* knowne what would ensue,  
 He had not done what he did after rue.

He shed their blood, their blood did vengeance craue;  
 They first too soone, he last too late did dye;  
 They led the way, he followed to the graue;  
 Both they and he a pray for wormes did lye.  
 Yet thus they differ, wormes them dead did eate,  
 But him aliue the wormes did make their meate.

Wrath





## Tom Tel-truths Message.



Wrath in *Caligulaes* mad head did grow,  
 Making him wish that Rome had but one head,  
 That he might smite off that head at a blow,  
 Whose pompe he saw like many heads to spread :  
 But whilst he thought Romes heads in one to lop,  
 Romes heads in one his flower of life did crop.

Wrath is the cause that men in Smith-field meete,  
 (Which may be called smite-field properly)  
 Wrath is the cause that maketh every streere  
 A shambles, and a bloodie butcherie,  
 Where roysling ruffins quarrell for their drabs,  
 And for sleight causes one the other flabs.

V Wrath puffes men vp with mindes Thrafonicall,  
 And makes them braue it braggadochio-like :  
 V Wrath maketh men triumph Tyrannicall,  
 With sword, with shield, with gunne, with bill and pike:  
 Yea now adaies V Wrath causeth him to dye,  
 That to his fellow dares to giue the lye.

*Mars*





## Tom Tel-troths Message.



Mars is the Chieftaine of this wrathfull host,  
 VVhose embrewd standard is with blood dyed red;  
 Of many he spares few, and kils the most,  
 And with their corps his bloodie panch is fed.  
 Tara tantara, sa, sa, kill, kill, he cries,  
 Filling with blood the earth, with scrikes the skies.

VVraths fierce fore-runner is Timeritie,  
 And after VVrath Repentance shortly followes:  
 The first rides gallop into miserie,  
 The last procures sadnes, despayre and sorrow.  
 VVho therefore doe desire to liue at rest,  
 Let them not harbour wrath within their brest.

VVraths contrarie is Lady Patience,  
 VVho conquers most when she is conquered,  
 She teacheth beasts that they by common sence,  
 Might teach to vanquish, being vanquished.  
 Rammes running back with greater force returne,  
 And Lime most hot, in most cold springs doth burne.

E

Patience





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Patience a cosin hath calde Sufferance,  
 Neerely akind, because she is so kinde;  
 She is most like a Doue in countenance,  
 And like an Angell in her humble minde;  
 All Phœnix-like she is but rarely found,  
 Would God she might be seene on English ground.

Then naked swords themselues would neuer cloath,  
 With wounded skinnes of men whom men did maime:  
 Then quarrellers would after quaffing loath,  
 With stabs and strokes to kill or make men lame.  
 Then, then I say, swords might in scabberts sleepe,  
 And some might laugh which are constrainde to weepe.

As thus my pen writing of Vice spares none,  
 It brings into my sight a lazie Gill,  
 A sleeping sluggard and a drowsie drone,  
 Which snorts and snores, and euer sitteth still:  
 Some call her Sloth, some call her Idlenesse,  
 A friend to neede, a foe to wealthinesse.

They





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



They tearme her Mother of all other vices,  
 Bearing a spawn of many new-bred sinnes:  
 Many she lures, and many she entices,  
 Whereof most part is trapped in her ginnes:  
 She is the But at which foule Lust doth shoote,  
 And where she toucheth there she taketh roote.

I once did heare of one *Lipotopo*,  
 (Whose pace was equall with the shell-housde snail)  
 That to a fig-tree lasily did go,  
 Whose broad-leau'd branches made a shady vaile:  
 Thither this lusing lubber softly creeped,  
 And there this lazie lizard soundly sleept.

But as one *Goffo* by the fig-tree went,  
 He wakened him from out his drowfie sleepe,  
 And earnestly did aske him what he ment,  
 Vnder that fig-tree all alone to keepe.  
 As thus he did *Lipotopo* awake,  
 Yawning and gaping thus he idly spake.

E 2

Good





36  
*Tom Tel-troths Message.*



Good friend it is a paine for me to speake,  
Because I vse nothing but only sleeping:  
Yet vnto thee my minde Ile shortly breake,  
And shew the cause of my here daily keeping.  
The cause is this, that when these ripe figges fall,  
My gaping mouth might then receiue them all.

As thus he spake, *Goffo* from off the tree  
Pluckt a ripe fig, and in his mouth did put it:  
Which when he gan to feele, my friend (quoth he)  
I pray thee stirre my iawes that I may glut it.  
*Goffo* admiring this his lazinesse,  
Left him as he him found in idlenesse.


O would my pen were now a pensill made,  
And I a Poet might a Painter bee,  
That picture-like this patterne might be laide  
Before mens eyes, that it their eyes might see;  
By which they seeing Sloths deformitie,  
Might flie from Sloth and follow industrie.

Now





37  
*Tom Tel-troths Message.*



Now doth appeare dame niggard Auarice,  
Who being loden with gold gapes for gold:  
She raiseth cheape things to the highest price,  
And in Cheapside makes nothing chaepe be sold,  
Which coyne, her chests fild full, fulfill her eye,  
Whilst poore folkes perish in great miserie.

She hath been troubled long with one disease,  
VVhich some a Dropfie call, or drouth of gaine;  
She drinkes and drinkes againe, yet cannot ease  
Her thirstie sicknesse and her greedie paine:  
Still is she sicke, yet is she neuer dead,  
Because her sicknesse still is nourished.

Her bodie grosse, engrosseeth all the corne,  
And of the grossest wares makes greatest gaine:  
Yea Grocers now adaies as men forlorne,  
Auerre that they gainst her haue cause to plaine:  
Yet doth she liue, yet doth she tyrannize,  
Because her coyne her works doth wantantize.

E 3

This





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



This Auarice a cosin-germane hath,  
 VVhich many Londoners call Vsurie,  
 VVhich like a braue comptroller boldly saith,  
 She will bring England into miserie :  
 VVho vnder colour of a friendly lending,  
 Seemes of her bad trade to make iust defending.

They hand in hand doe walke in euery streete,  
 Making the proudest Causaliers to stoope :  
 If with their debtors they doe chaunce to meete,  
 They pen them vp within the *Pouleries* coope.  
 And if for gold lent, men would counters pay,  
 In VVoodstreets Counter there them fast they lay.


Now Charitie which is the band of peace,  
 Is turned to a Scriueners scribbling band,  
 To *Indentura facta*, or a lease,  
 To racking houses, tenements and land :  
 All this can gold, all this can siluer do,  
 And more then this if neede require thereto.

From





# Tom Tel-trotts Message.

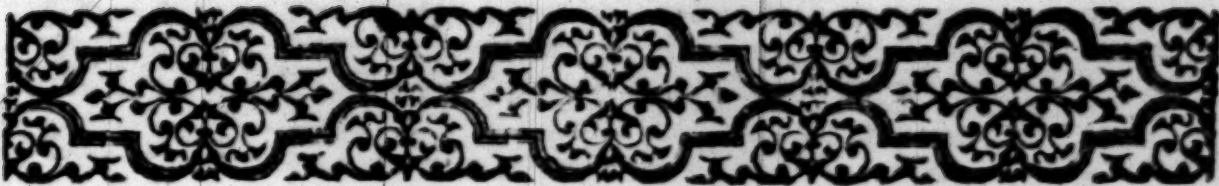


From whence comes gold but from the earth below?  
 VWhereof, if not of earth, are all men made?  
 Like will to like, and like with like will grow,  
 Growing they flourish, flourishing they fade.  
 But where are gold and men? in hell, wher's hell?  
 On earth, where gold and men with gold do dwell.

The prouerbe old I doe approue most true,  
 Better to fill the bellie then the eye:  
 For whilst rich misers feedes on monies view,  
 Sparing they liue in wilfull penurie:  
 Yea more then this, they liue vpon a crust,  
 VWhilst in their heaped bags their gold doth rust.

Come plaintife pen and whip them with thy rod,  
 And plainly tell them their Idolatrie,  
 VWhich make their gold their loue, their life, their god,  
 VWhich with their gold desire to liue and die.  
 Tell them if to no better vse they turne  
 Their gold, they with their gold in hell shall burne.

Thus





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Thus leauing Vſurie and Auarice,  
 As Sathans limmes or fire-brands of hell,  
 As rauening wolues that liue by preiudice,  
 Or greedie hogs that on mens grounds do dwell:  
 I poſt to that which I had almoſt paſt,  
 But now haue overtaken at the laſt.

The name of her whom heere I meete withall,  
 Is Gluttonie the mother of exceſſe,  
 Which making daintie feaſts, doth many call  
 To eate with her the meate that ſhe did dreſſe:  
 Who beeing ſet to eate her toothſome meat:  
 Eating doth eate and neuer ceaſe to eate.

This trull makes youngſters ſpend their patrimonie,  
 In ſauced meates and ſugred delicates,  
 And makes men ſtray from ſtate of Matrimonie,  
 To ſpend their ſubſtance vpon whoriſh mates:  
 That by their lauiſh prodigalitie,  
 She may maintaine her fleſhly vanitie.

With





• *Tom Tel-troths Message.*



With gobs she fills and stuffes her greedie gorge,  
 And neuer is her gaping stomacke fed,  
 Bits vnchaw'de in her bulke as in a forge,  
 Kindle the coales whereof foule lust is bred :  
 Thus doe we see how lazie gluttonie,  
 Consorts her selfe with Ladie Lecherie.

One other mate she hath call'd Dronkenesse,  
 A bibbing swilbowle and a bowzing gull,  
 VVhich neuer drinks but with excessiuenesse,  
 And drinkes so long vntill her paunch is full:  
 She drinkes as much as she can well containe,  
 VVhich being voyded, then she drinkes againe.

But when the drinke doth worke within her head,  
 She rowles and reekes, and pimpers with the eyes,  
 She stamps, she stares, she thinks white black, black red,  
 She teares and sweares, she geeres, she laughs and cries:  
 And as her giddie head thinks all turnes round,  
 She belching fals, and vomits on the ground.

F

Some





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



Some men are drunke, and being drunke will fight,  
 Some men are drunke, and being drunke are merrie,  
 Some men are drunke, and secrets bring to light,  
 Some men are drunke, and being drunke are sorie :

Thus may we see that drunken men haue passions,  
 And drunkennesse hath many foolish fashions.

Fishes that in the seas doe drinke their fill,  
 Teach men by nature to shun drunkennesse,  
 VVhat bird is there that with his chirping bill,  
 Of any liquour ever tooke excesse ?

Thus beastes on earth, fish in seas, birds in skie,  
 Teach men to shun all superfluitie.


VVould any heare the discommodities,  
 That doe arise from our excesse of drinke :  
 It duls the braine, it hurts the memorie,  
 It blinds the sight, it makes men bleare-eyd blinke,  
 It kils the bodie, and it wounds the soule,  
 Leaue therefore leaue, O leaue this vice so foule.

Now





43  
*Tom Tel-troths Message.*



Now last of all though perhaps chiefe of all,  
My pen hath hunted out lewde Lecherie,  
VVhich many finnes and many faults doth call,  
To bee pertakers to her trecherie:

Her loue is lust, her lust is sugred sower,  
Her paine is long, her pleasure but a flower.

VVhen chaste *Adonis* came to mans estate,  
*Venus* straight courted him with many a wile;  
*Lucrece* once scene, straight *Tarquine* laid a baite,  
VVith foule incest her bodie to defile:


Thus men by women, women wrongde by men,  
Giue matter still vnto my plaintife pen.

Thousands of whores maintained by their wooers,  
Entice by land as *Syrens* doe by seas,  
VVhich being like path-waies or open doores,  
Infect mens bodies with the French disease:

Thus women woe of men though wooed by men,  
Still adde new matter to my plaintife pen.

F 2

VVhilome





# Tom Tel-troths Message.



VVilome by nature men and women loued,  
 And prone enough they were to loue thereby,  
 But when they *Onids ars amandi* proued,  
 Both men and women fell to lecherie:  
 By nature sinning art of sinne was found,  
 To make mans sinne still more and more abound.

If that I could paint out foule lecherie,  
 In her deformed shape and loathsome plight,  
 Or if I could paint spotlesse Chastitie,  
 In her true portraiture and colours bright:  
 I thinke no maid would euer proue an whore,  
 But euerie maid would chastitie adore.

Then married men might vild reproaches scorne,  
 And shunne the Hars crest to their hearts content,  
 VVith *cornucopia*, Cornewall, and the horne,  
 VVhich their bad wiues bid from their bed be sent:  
 Then should no olde Cocks, nor no cocke-olds crow,  
 But euerie man might in his owne ground sow.

Then





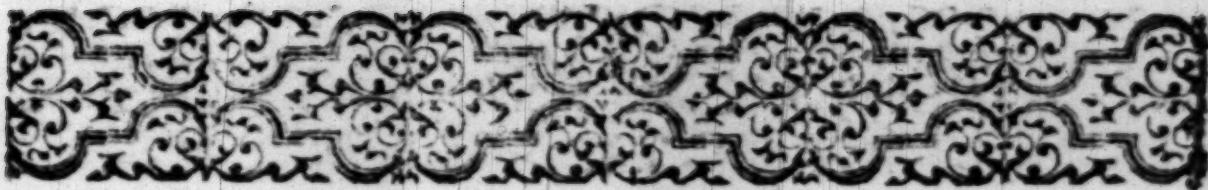
## Tom Tel-troths<sup>42</sup> Message.



Then light-taylde hufwiues which like *Syrens* sing,  
And like to *Circes* with their drugs enchant,  
VVould not vnto the Banke-fides round house fling,  
In open fight themselves to show and vaunt:  
Then then I say they would not masked goe,  
Though vnseene to see those they faine would know.


But in this Labyrinth I list not tread,  
Nor combate with the minotaure-like lust,  
Hence therefore will I wend by methods thread,  
And wend I will because needs wend I must:  
Farewell, nay fare-ill filthie lecherie,  
And welcome vndeiled chastitie.

*Vesta* I do adore thy puritie,  
And in thy Temples will I tapers beare,  
Thou O *Diana* for virginie,  
Shalt be the matrone of my modest feare,  
That both in one, both beeing Goddesses,  
May of my maden-head bee witnesses.





# Tom Tel-troths Message.




O may my flesh like to the Ermiline,  
 Vnspotted liue, and so vnspotted die,  
 That when I come before the sacred shrine,  
 My vntoucht corps themselves may guiltlesse trie:  
 Then shall I glorie that I haue bin taught,  
 To shun the snare wherein most folkes are caught.

Thus hath my pen described and descry'd,  
 Sinne with his seuen heads of seuen deadly vices,  
 And now my plaintife pen hath verified,  
 That sinne from vertue mortall men entices:  
 If any wicked *Momus* carpe the same,  
 In blaming this I passe not for his blame.

Dictator-like I must confesse I write,  
 And like a *Nomothetes* criticall,  
 Perhaps my pen doth crabedly endite  
 In plaintife humors meerely Cinicall:  
 But sooth to say, *Tom-tel-troth* will not lie,  
 VVe heere haue blaz'd Englands iniquitie.

And





*Tom Tel-troths Message.*

And for because my pen doth liquour want,  
Heere (being drie) he willing is to rest,  
Not for that he doth further matter want,  
For so to thinke were but a simple iest:  
And if (as he hath not) he haue offended,  
He hopes (as you) so he wil be amended.

*FINIS.*

